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DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 7.)

MAUD'S PERIL.

A DRAMA, IN FOUR ACTS.

BY WATTS PHILLIPS, ESQ.

Author of "The Dead Heart," "Nobody's Child," "Theodora," "Ticket of Leave," &c., &c.

AS FIRST PRODUCED AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE, LONDON,
OCTOBER 23D, AND AT WALLACK'S NEW YORK,
THEATRE, DECEMBER 6TH, 1867.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and
the whole of the Stage Business.

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No.	M. F.	No.	M. F.
75. Adrienne, drama, 3 acts.....	7 3	21. Dreams, drama, 5 acts.....	6 3
114. Anything for a Change, comedy, 1	3 3	186. Duchess de la Valliere, play, 5 acts..	6 4
167. Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts...	7 3	47. Easy Shaving, farce, 1 act.....	5 2
93. Area Belle (The), farce, 1 act.....	3 2	131. Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts.	6 5
40. Atchi, comedietta, 1 act.....	3 2	200. Estranged, an operetta, 1 act.....	2 1
89. Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce, 1 act..	3 3	103. Faust and Marguerite, drama, 3 acts.	9 7
192. Game of Cards (A), comedietta, 1	3 1	9. Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials,	
166. Bardell vs. Pickwick, sketch, 1 act.	6 2	interlude, 1 act.....	4 1
41. Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act.....	2 3	128. Female Detective, drama, 3 acts....	11 4
141. Bells (The), drama, 3 acts.....	9 3	101. Fernande, drama, 3 acts.....	11 10
67. Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act..	7 3	99. Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts.....	10 2
36. Black Sheep, drama, 3 acts.....	7 5	145. First Love, comedy, 1 act.....	4 1
160. Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts.....	11 6	102. Foiled, drama, 4 acts.....	9 3
70. Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3 1	88. Founded on Facts, farce, 1 act....	4 2
179. Breach of Promise., drama, 2 acts..	5 2	74. Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act.....	7 4
25. Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta, 1	4 8	53. Gertrude's Money Box, farce, 1 act.	4 2
24. Cabman, No. 93, farce, 1 act.....	2 2	73. Golden Fetter (Fettered), drama, 3	11 4
1. Caste, comedy, 3 acts.....	5 3	30. Goose with the Golden Eggs, farce,	
69. Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act.....	4 1	1 act.....	5 3
175. Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts.	10 5	131. Go to Putney, farce, 1 act.....	4 3
55. Catherine Howard, historical play,		28. Happy Pair, comedietta, 1 act.....	1 1
3 acts.....	12 5	151. Hard Case (A), farce, 1 act.....	2
80. Charming pair, farce, 1 act.....	4 3	8. Henry Dunbar, drama, 4 acts.....	10 3
65. Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts.....	6 5	180. Henry the Fifth, historical play, 5	38 5
68. Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3	9 3	19. He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act.....	3 2
76. Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act.	3 3	60. Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts.....	5 5
149. Clouds, comedy, 4 acts.....	8 7	187. His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act.....	4 1
121. Comical Countess, farce, 1 act.....	3 1	174. Home, comedy, 3 acts.....	4 3
107. Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act.....	2 1	64. Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act....	1 1
152. Cupid's Eye-Glass, comedy, 1 act..	1 1	190. Hunting the Slipper, farce, 1 act....	4 1
52. Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act.....	3 1	191. High C, comedietta, 1 act.....	4 2
148. Cut off with a Shilling, comedietta,		197. Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts.....	14 2
1 act.....	2 1	18. If I Had a Thousand a Year, farce,	
113. Cyrill's Success, comedy, 5 acts....	10 4	1 act.....	4 3
199. Captain of the Watch (The), come-		116. I'm Not Meself at All, original Irish	
dietta, 1 act.....	4 2	stew, 1 act.....	3 2
20. Daddy Gray, drama, 3 acts.....	8 4	129. In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act.....	2 3
4. Dandelion's Dodges, farce, 1 act....	4 2	159. In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act....	4 2
22. David Garrick, comedy, 3 acts.....	8 3	122. Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts.....	11 4
96. Dearest Mamma, comedietta, 1 act,	4 3	177. I Shall Invite the Major, comedy, 1	4 1
16. Dearer than Life, drama, 3 acts....	6 5	100. Jack Long, drama, 2 acts.....	9 2
58. Deborah (Leah) drama, 3 acts.....	7 6	139. Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts...	3 3
125. Deerfoot, farce, 1 act.....	5 1	17. Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts....	6 4
71. Doing for the Best, drama, 2 acts..	5 3	86. Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts.....	12 5
143. Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts..	9 4	72. Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act.....	4 2

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

*As first performed at the
Albany Theatre, London, Wallack's Theatre, New York,
October 23, 1867, Dec. 6, 1867.*

Sir Ralph Challoner.....	Mr. BILLINGTON.	Mr. J. H. STODDART.
Gerald Gwynne.....	Mr. ASHLEY.	Mr. B. T. RINGGOLD.
Toby Taperloy.....	Mr. G. BELMONT.	Mr. J. W. WALLACE.
Burrell.....	Mr. C. J. SMITH.	Mr. G. F. BROWNE.
Doctor.....	Mr. W. H. EBURNE.	Mr. W. H. POPE.
Lady Challoner.....	Miss HERBERT.	Miss ROSE EYTINGE.
Kate Sefton.....	Miss AMY SHERIDAN.	Miss MARY BARRETT.
Susan Taperloy.....	Mrs. BILLINGTON.	Mrs. JOHN SEFTON.

SCENERY.

Act I.—SUSAN'S COTTAGE AND SEFTON PARK THE WITHERED FORGET-ME-NOTS.

"And when my heart is nigh distraught
If I but say FORGET-ME-NOT,
Hope burns again within me!"—[Goethe.]

Act II.—ROOM IN CHALLONER ABBEY. MAUD'S PERIL.

"Am I mad that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart be at the root!"
—[Tennyson.]

Act III.—THE BARONET'S STUDY IN THE ABBEY. CHALLONER'S REVENGE.

"But fevered in her sleep she seems,
And pale her cheek with troubled dreams,
And mutters she in her unrest,
A name she dare not breathe by day."—[Bacon.]

Act IV.—PARLOR IN CHALLONER'S TOWN HOUSE. THE VERDICT.

"My deeds upon my head! I crave the law."—[Shakespeare.]

TIME OF PLAYING, TWO HOURS AND A HALF.

STAGE DIRECTION.—R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of centre; L. C. Left of centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. P. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. A. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

GIFT

EST. OF J. H. CORNING

JUNE 20. 1940

COSTUMES.

- SIR RALPH CHALLONER.**—*Act 1st:* Fox-hunter's dress, scarlet coat, black velvet cap, white breeches, top-boots, white vest, whip. *Act 2nd:* Light overcoat over black coat, light vest and pants, a gold snuff-box set with brilliants; a heavy overcoat ready L., to be brought in by Tony. *Act 3rd:* Evening dress, the snuff-box. *Act 4th:* Black coat and vest, light pants. Flaxen hair, side whiskers; he is about sixty, but hale in bearing and voice, but in *Act 4th* is weak and dying.
- GERALD GWYNNE.**—*Act 1st:* Black coat and hat, grey pants, dark gloves; a small packet as of love-letters in his breast coat pocket. *Act 2nd:* Evening dress, with hat to enter with. *Act 3rd:* Evening dress, no hat; 2nd entrance, same with hat and dark-brown overcoat.
- TOBY TAPERLOY.**—*Act 1st:* Countryman's flaxen wig over a close-crop black; face sallow; blue shirt, black breeches, with braces, heavy shoes, grey stockings, a short pipe. *Act 2nd:* Servant's dress, but not livery. *Act 3rd:* Light cutaway coat, white cravat, gaiters coming up to mid-thigh, buttoned up all the way, but one or two buttons out, black, low-crowned, narrow-rimmed hat; see to wigs as the flaxen one is to come off; a clasp-knife to open. *Scene 4th:* Seaman's dress of blue p-jacket, vest and trousers, shoes, red neckcloth, low-crowned hat; 2nd entrance, his neckcloth is loose; in this act, his black hair is the only one worn. Toby's voice is hoarse, and he has a cough, noticeable but not too prominent.
- BURRELL, CHALLONER'S Secretary.**—Neat dark suit. *Act 3rd:* Full dress for dinner.
- DOCTOR.**—Black suit.
- TOM, a Detective,** in black, hat, handcuffs in pocket of coat.
- SECOND DETECTIVE.**—Like Tom.
- FIRST SERVANT TO CHALLONER.**—Livery of red breeches, white stockings, blue laced coat and waistcoat.
- SERVANTS.**—Same as FIRST SERVANT.
- LADY CHALLONER.**—*Act 1st:* Dark blue riding-habit, white cuffs, black round high-crowned hat, fancy whip, gloves. *Act 2nd:* Ball dress, dark-blue satin, turned up with white sash, jewelry, hair dressed, and with jewels, white gloves; bouquet to enter with; 2nd entrance, gloves, sash and most of the jewelry removed; enters with a small hand-lamp. *Act 3rd:* Dark dress, with a long, white wrapper, buttoned up from the waist to the neck, but flowing free in the skirts, the sleeves flowing; a note in her hand when she enters. *Act 4th:* The same wrapper over a blue dress; pale. *Note*—A few shot in the hem, behind, of the wrapper to keep it from bagging in on the dress in *Act 3d*.
- KATE SEFTON.**—*Act 2nd:* Ball dress, jewelry, fan. *Act 3rd:* White dress, red Garibaldi jacket with metal buttons, hair a little disarranged. *Act 4th:* House dress.
- SUSAN TAPERLOY.**—*Act 1st:* Dark blue dress, collar, white apron. *Acts 2nd and 4th:* Dark house dress.
- SERVANT MAIDS.**—As usual.

PROPERTIES (see "Scenery.")

- ACT 1ST.**—Short pipe and skeleton key for Tony; loaf of bread, cheese, onions, bottle, five gold coins and a ribbon, with a bent silver coin attached, in a glove in the cupboard R.; whip for LADY CHALLONER; small packet as of love-letters for GWYNNE; wedding-rings for LADY CHALLONER and MRS. TAPERLOY; whip for CHALLONER; bread and bottle.
- ACT 2ND.**—Fire to burn; hat-box and travelling case; large lamp with shade; snuff-box of gold, set with brilliants; thunder and lightning; crash and reverberations R. U. E.; fans for LADY CHALLONER and KATE SEFTON; bouquet with a note in it for LADY CHALLONER; small hand-lamp, to burn, ready R. 1 E., for LADY CHALLONER's 2d entrance; dark-lantern to burn, for Tony.
- ACT 3RD.**—Large lamp with shade; lamps and candles for SERVANTS to bring in, L. D.; the same snuff-box for CHALLONER; coins to jingle off L. U. E.; writing-materials on table up L.; papers and envelopes on R. front table; spring-bell on same; note for LADY CHALLONER; Lime light (for moon) L. U. E.; knife for TOBY; matches to light, on table up L.
- ACT 4TH.**—Bell L. U. E., as of the Cathedral, to strike two; breakfast set for one on table L. front, bread, to eat; decanter of water.

SCENERY (*English, modern.*)

ACT 1ST.—No change throughout. Interior and Garden in 6 grooves. Afternoon, Summer. Landscape on flat.

L. side: L. 1 E., closed in, a wall, with a picture on it; L. 2 grooves, a set wall with practicable door, run "on" nine feet, backed by a pannelled wall within; L. 2 and 3 E., closed in; L. 4 and 5 E., transversely from L. c. to midway in L. 4 E., a set cottage with fenced-in garden in front.

R. side: R. 1 E., closed in; R. 2 E., wall with fire-place, and a cupboard in the set, with practicable door with lock to open with a snap; from R. 3 grooves to 4 grooves runs a line of thin pillars, twined with creeping plants, from the heads of which (at the top of scene's line) springs a sloping roof running up to meet the L. side set, and covering the stage; skylight windows in this roof, with transparent panes; R. 4 and 5 E.'s are open.

The stage, 1, 2 and 3 E.'s is covered with a plain checkered carpet; C., U. E., flower-bushes; R., U. E., garden bed; R. 4 E., a gravelled path leads to practicable openings between the pillars.

The interior is pannelled wall, dark-red brown, with deep shadings, gas being down in front; the garden in bright colors, gas being full on R. U. E.

Furniture.—Garden table and rustic seat up L. c.; table with looking-glass on it, against flat L. 1 E.; table R. front, with two chairs.

ACT 2ND.—No change throughout. Interior of a room in the old-fashioned portion of a country mansion, in 4 grooves. Stormy night. A dark, vague view of country by night, to back a large window R. c.

Flat in 3 grooves is a wall, with large antique window, double-sashed, to open like a French window, horizontally, the sill four feet from stage level; on the upper side and R. side without, a mass of ivy, picturesquely trailed; this window is in a recess, 15 to 20 inches deep.

L. side: Closed in; 1 E., practicable door; 3 E., transverse set, with large fire-place.

R. side: Closed in; 1 E., practicable door; 3 E., practicable door, masked by tapestry. Walls in dark panning, portrait of a lady in Elizabethian costume high up on L. 1 E. set, portrait of gentleman, same dress, R. 1 E., set to correspond.

Carpet down. Curtains to window.

Furniture.—Lamp with shade, to burn; table R. front; table up L. c. by fire-place; chairs R. front, and L., by fire; bell-pull L. 2 E., to come off at a pull; settee R. U. E. **ACT 3RD.**—Large, handsome room in country mansion, in 5 grooves. Moonlight, midnight. Landscape, garden or trees, to back glass door, C. in F., in 5 grooves.

The side sets to close; in at an angle, to make the room as it seen from an extreme right-hand (*of the audience*) point of view; the line of L. side wall making the angle at L. c. in 4 grooves.

Large practicable glass folding-door, C. in F.

L. side: L. 1 E., wall; L. 2 E., practical door; L. 3 E., a set flat run "on" with practical door, backed by a pannelled wall.

R. side: Closed in, practicable door, R. 1 E. and R. 2 E.

The wall is dark, oak-grained.

Furniture.—Table up L. c., line of 2 E.; table 1 E. line, R.; chairs to tables, and to dress stage. Three six-feet high candelabra, ornamented with gilt, each side.

ACT 4TH.—Interior and View of Park in 6 grooves. Afternoon. On flat, garden scene, with view of a Cathedral in middle distance. Set balcony in 5 grooves. Closed in R. and L. 1, 2, 3 E.'s.

L. side: L. 1 E., set wall; L. 2 E., practical door; L. 3 E., set wall.

R. side: Closed in; practicable door, R. 3 E. set, and R. 1 E. set; fire-place, with fire to burn, R. 2 E. set; the room fancy-papered; rich carpet down.

Furniture.—Rich; sideboard L. 1 E. with vases on it; two chairs by it; table R. front, table L. c., line of 2 E.; two chairs to the latter; sofa R., line of 2 E.; two chairs flanking small round table L. 3 E. corner.

[For Synopsis see pages 26, 27, and 28.]

MAUD'S PERIL.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Cottage and Garden—Susan Taperloy discovered, thoughtful, leaning one hand on chair, R., by table, R., front.*

SUSAN. The cloud has moved at last, but only to fall upon me. I dare not let a soul know that my bad husband has come home after long years. And the other—the—alas! worthier—companion of my poor Maud—aye, lover! for she loves him! I may not tell her of that. I can only give joy to her heart by giving her grief—my poor sister—for she is my foster-sister, and loves none beyond me—none—none.

VOICE OF TOBY, *off L. 2 E.* Hallo! (SUSAN starts) Where are you? Hallo! here! waiter, waiter! (*enters D. in L., 2 G., set flat, with his lace-up boots in his hand*) Here's my boots—the polish I has on my manners I likes to see h'on my leathers! Come, a little elber-grease, missus! (*crosses to R. along front—SUSAN goes to C., thoughtfully and distressed.*) When a man's been to the *Antipodes* (*pronounce the last two syllables as one, silent c*) he don't like to see things topsy-turvy. (*throws boots down R. by fire*) But, arn't you thinking of breakfast? (*takes seat by fire*) I know it's rather latish, but self-preservation is the first law of nature, and I'm hungry as a hunter. So, then, something of the natur' of a revivifier—say a noggin of rum!

SUSAN (*C. sorrowfully*). You know, Toby, spirits never touch my lips.

TOBY. Never?

SUSAN. Never!

TOBY. No! What, don't they? Then I'll drink for you. It's the least one could do for another—and that person your wife. So ent along to the Red Lion for some real Jamaica, and, I say, Sue—hide the bottle under your apron—for, above all things, I likes to see a wife of mine look respectable. Only to think of a husband come home so many miles across the ocean, and not a toothful of good liquor to give him! (*puts on his shoes.*)

SUSAN. Toby, it's dreadful!

TOBY (*quickly*). Dreadful! I should think it was dreadful! It's horrible, Sue! I—I'm ashamed on you!

SUSAN. Oh, why did you come back, Toby?

TOBY. Because, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." A Government appointment is all very well *this* side of the water, but on t'other—(*shrug of the shoulders in disgust.*)

SUSAN (C) But if you are discovered—

TOBY. If? "If ifs and ans were pots and pans," we'd be very well off for kitchen furniture. (*rises*) Why, woman, who'd think of looking for Toby Taperloy undert his disguise? Unless—(*suspiciously*) you should take it into your head to betray me—

SUSAN (*indignantly*). I, your wife? For shame, Toby!

TOBY (*to c., takes her hand*) My wife? Yes! there's the marriage ring I put upon your finger years ago—(*Susan sighs*) In your place I would have slipped it off as I slipped off the iron one supplied me, as an h'order of merit, by a h'over grateful country.

SUSAN (*sobs*). Oh, Toby!

TOBY. No tears—no tears! we don't want no tears! When a man's been six months aboard ship, he's had enough salt water for the remainder of his nateral existence. Hem! what can't be cured, must be h'endured! Dry your eyes, and get something for me to eat, along with the lush. (*crosses to fire, R., again*) I aren't proud and I'll look arter my boots myself. (*Susan goes off R. to E. he crosses to L. cautiously, listens, watches her some time, returns along front to R. 1 E.*) I can't bear to look at her, poor gal. I see her put some'at in this cupboard half a' hour ago—(*tries cupboard door*) Locked! locked! She's suspicious, ah! No matter! it's the task of genius to overcome difficulties! (*takes out skeleton key*) This is the little twirl that has h'opened a stronger case in its time. (*puts key in hole*) Here it comes, easy as a wink. (*opens door*) An old glove—gold! oh, here's the nest-egg. (*takes out glove, comes to c.*) One—two—three—four—five sovereigns, and a six—what's this? a—a—a crooked sixpence at the end of a little bit of dirty ribbon—a—a sixpence—and a bit of—(*laughs prlongedly*) Why, if it ain't the crooked sixpence as I gave Sue when I was a-courtin' of her. It makes a chap feel uncomfortable like! (*pause*) What rum creatures women are! *She keeps the sixpence, and I sticks to the substantial.* (*replaces glove and ribbon with coin in the cupboard.*) I'll leave her the sixpence! (*sits down by fire, sings: "Down by the green meadow," etc.*)

Enter SASAN, R. 2 E., with bread, a bottle, onions, and cheese, puts them on table, R., gets a glass.

TOBY. Ah, drink! Now, this is something as I likes. Bread, cheese, rum and a' inion! (*drinks and eats*) Such is delicate attentions! Now, then, for a quiet and confidential chat between man and wife. How has the world been going on?

SUSAN (*standing L. side of table*). Going on?

TOBY. It has not been standing still, has it? How is Colonel Sefton?

SUSAN. Dead!

TOBY. Defunct? (*SUSAN nods*) And Miss Maud?

SUSAN. Maud Sefton exists no longer—

TOBY. She defunct, too?

SUSAN. Miss Maud Sefton is now Lady Challoner.

TOBY. Married?

SUSAN. Yes.

TOBY. Married to that old skinflint! that old starvemouse! that old hunks! she the prettiest flower of the country! Damme! it beats cock-fighting! Why, Sue, when I left these parts—compulsory! compulsory, Sue! I never heard she was going to marry him!

SUSAN. It was one of those marriages, Toby, where the estates are nearer than the hearts.

TOBY. I see, I see. A man forgets a mort o' things as years roll on. But I haven't forgot Sir Ralph Challoner, no! nor what I owes to him! (*repeats the last six words in a low undertone.*)

SUSAN. The Sefton estates were mortgaged, and all under bonds. Why, my old master went down on his knees to her—stay! on the very spot where you are sitting—and my poor Maud consented to save him from ruin.

TOBY. Why do you pity her? he's married the richest man in the country.

SUSAN. Because she gave her hand when she had already given her heart to Mr. Gerald Gwynn.

TOBY. Oh, ay! Mr. Gwynn of Graythorpe. I know. Why, I taught him to handle the first gun he ever had. Many's the scrape he's gotten me out of—many—like the fine-hearted young gentleman he was. Go on, go on.

SUSAN. Do you remember, Toby, how Miss Maud was given to sleep-walking?

TOBY. Toby do!

SUSAN. And Gerald Gwynn saved her life one night when she had wandered to the very edge of a deep chalk-cutting. The Colonel thought they were too young to marry, and so Mr. Gwynn went away with his regiment to the Crimea. When the news of his death arrived, it nearly broke my poor Maud's heart! (*sighs*.)

TOBY. Death? what do you mean by death?

SUSAN (*starts, but, with an effort, responds in her former sad tone*). He was killed there.

TOBY (*laughs a long laugh*). Well, I have had many a queer travelling-companion in my life, but I never joggled along of a ghost afore. (*laugh, takes up bread to eat*.)

SUSAN. What do you mean?

TOBY. I mean I parted company last night with Mr. Gerald Gwynn, a-turning into the Red Lion. I don't set myself up (*eating, mouth full*) for a model of voracity (*rises and comes slowly to R. c., R. of SUSAN*) but—come—you ought to know his handwriting. There! (*holds out note*.)

SUSAN (*repressing her agitation*). Did he know you?

TOBY. No, he didn't know me. (*Yorkshire accent*) "Ah bee a country laad joost coom oop from Yorksheer for a job," says I; and he says: "Take this to Susan, to be given to Miss Maud Sefton." "I wool," says I; and he says: "And tell her I'll come myself to-morrow for the answer." (*SUSAN makes a sudden attempt to snatch away the note, but TOBY drops his right hand holding it, and parries her arm with his left. In a hoarse voice*) Now, don't you let's have any o' that nonsense. I begin to see which way the wind blows, and I shall trim my sails accordingly. (*to R., at the table*.)

LADY CHALLONER enters R., looking off R., speaking as she enters.

LADY C. Take the horse round till I return. (*enters, comes across to L. front, where she puts her whip on the table, and arranges her hair, after removing her hat, coming to c.*) Well, Susan, I—oh! you are not alone?

(*SUSAN is about to speak, when TOBY comes to R. c., loudly, and says, Yorkshire accent*) A'a bee Soosan's coosin, Sam'el Gregson, miss. Tiarme's bad doon oor waa, an' Soosan has promised to get a'a a job o' work at gardening—

LADY C. Well, I will speak to the gardener, and I daresay he can find a place for your cousin, to please you, Susan. (*to L.*)

(*SUSAN hangs her head—TOBY scrapes his foot, and turning to SUSAN, shows her the note*) And this letter for Miss Maud Sefton?

SUSAN (*fiercely to him, taking the note*). Silence! or I will not answer for your safety one instant!

TOBY. Some money ?

SUSAN. I have already told you I have none.

TOBY. Hum ! Perhaps you speak the truth ! (*shows coin.*)

SUSAN (*in pain*). Oh !

TOBY (*mockingly*). I'm ashamed on you, Susan, I'm ashamed on you ! (*goes off, R., singing*) "Say, what ails thee, my jewel !"

LADY C. (*to c.*). A letter for Maud Sefton ? Give it me, Susan.

SUSAN (*R. c.*). My dear Maud, I—I dare not.

LADY C. What is there for Maud Sefton that Lady Challoner may not see ?

SUSAN. Oh I must not.

LADY C. Give me that letter.

SUSAN. It is from the dead.

LADY C. (*growing interested*). From the dead ?

SUSAN. Yes ! That dreadful truth which has been suppressed so long, must be unfolded now : Gerald Gwynne lives——

LADY C. Lives ? Gerald lives ?

SUSAN. Don't look at me so ! I lied—we all lied—for your sake ! for your father and yourself. We all believed he was dead, and when we were undeceived we could not bear to renew your grief. Darling, it was all done for love of you—all for love of you ! forgive me !

LADY C. Forgive you ? never ! (*tearfully*) Woman, woman, woman ! you have broken my heart !

SUSAN. Don't speak so, Maud ! (*clasping her hand.*)

LADY C. Yes, you have broken my heart. You have kept me on the rack for months, and now you revive the agony, such as few can know. I loved Gerald Gwynne !

SUSAN. But your father thought it the best, and I knew it was. It was all done for love of you, darling, all for love of you !

LADY C. That day, when I was mourning, I was urged to destroy myself—it was one way to escape——oh ! why did I not thus rush out of my misery !

SUSAN. My darling ! forgive me !

LADY C. Not in this world ! never ! (*turns to L.*)

Enter R., quietly, but on seeing LADY C. quickening his pace, GERALD GWYNNE.

GERALD. What, Maud ! my darling Maud !

SUSAN (*turns*). Ah ! (*R. c. front.*)

LADY C. (*turns*). Oh ! (*L. front.*)

GERALD (*c.*). Why, Maud ! did you not receive my letter ? Oh ! how I have prayed for this day, longed to meet you ! But now that I look on that sweet face, I see traces of grief.

LADY C. May you never know the like !

GERALD. Ah ! But I have been through sufferings. I was down with fever in a Russian prison, but the moment we were exchanged, I hastened home and to you——

LADY C. (*leans against L. 2 E. set, with averted head*). Ah, Gerald Gwynne, you know not how your absence was mourned !

SUSAN (*to Gerald*). You were reported dead on the battle-field.

GERALD. Then—then—But I am safe, more fortunate than ever, and here to redeem my troth.

LADY C. (*starting*). Go.

GERALD. Is this my welcome home ? the hour I hoped for, prayed for ! I see ! you no longer love me, Maud !

LADY C. (*unlertone*). No longer love !

GERALD. Why not speak ? (*looks from LADY C. to SUSAN, both of*

whom avert their heads) Is this the love I built my hopes upon? But why should you speak? your silence tells me my mistake—my bitter mistake.

LADY C. Not so! but go! go!

GERALD. Here is a bunch of flowers—a few withered forget-me-nots! I had never knelt to mortal man, but I humbly pleaded for my savage captors to leave me these, and they, unknowing of their value, let me retain these dead flowers to rest on my heart.

LADY C. (*aside*). My heart will break!

Flourish of hunting-horns, piano, sounded off R. U. E.

SUSAN (*up R. C.*) Sir Ralph Challoner!

LADY C. (*st rts*). My husband!

GERALD (*amazed*). Husband! your husband! oh, you false heart! If ever man trusted woman, I trusted you! Farewell! (*throws the packet to her, and she takes it, sobbing*) Oh forgive me, Maud! (LADY C. *crosses to R.*) I know not what I say! (SUSAN *tries to make him go off* L. 2 E. D.) One word—one word! (*flourish of hunting-horns, loudly, R. U. E.*)

MAUD. You have uttered it: Farewell! (SUSAN *pushes GERALD out, L. 2 E. D. and returns to assist LADY C., who is nearly fainting, R.*)

Enter, R. 2 E., SIR RALPH CHALLONER, coming down C.

SIR RALPH. Maud! Maud! I am going to start for the country! But what's this!

SUSAN. Nothing! (LADY C. *looks up with an effort*.)

SIR RALPH. That's right! we have had a capital day's sport. (*puts his arm around LADY C. and they go up C.*—SUSAN R.—*Huntsmen up R.*

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Interior of room in Abbey—discovering TOBY, L., by fire, packing up valise and strapping hat-box; SIR RALPH at table, R., front, and BURRELL by him, R.—SUSAN takes wine glasses on tray, crossing to exit L. D., when TOBY stops her and takes what is left in the glasses.*

TOBY. Stay, my pet lamb! are you forgetting you have a husband? (*drinking*) Wilful waste makes woful want.

SUSAN. Oh, Toby!

TOBY (*aside to her fiercely*). Take care, you fool, what you are saying of! My name's Gregson! (*with Yorkshire accent*) Take care, missus, or you'll be upsettin' o' them glass moogs. [SUSAN *goes out* L. D.]

SIR RALPH (*to BURRELL*). Then, I have seen all your accounts?

TOBY (*aside*). That woman is suspicious agen. I have my eye on you, Missis Sue!

SIR RALPH. Quite correct, then, Mr. Burrell. I suppose you know I am going to stand for the county?

BURRELL. Yes, Sir Ralph, and have no doubt of the result.

SIR RALPH. Thank you. But it is ten o'clock, and I must be at the station in an hour. Gregson!

TOBY. 'Ees, sir!

SIR RALPH (*taking snuff out of his box*). See to my travelling traps.

TOBY. 'Ees, sir, I 'ull. (*aside*) Oh, there's a snuff-box that ain't to be sneezed at! that would be a prize to somebody! (*thunder, distant; faint flash of lightning.*)

TOBY (*aside*). Them diamonds hurts my eyes!

SIR RALPH. We are going to have a storm to-night. (BURRELL *watches* TOBY, *who goes off* L. D. *with a look behind him.* To SIR RALPH) I question if that fellow is not the one we are seeking, sir.

SIR RALPH. Oh, you mean in connection with the pilferings going on both in and out of the Abbey? Hum! Let me see! (*taking snuff*) Ah! we'll have a ferret down—one regularly trained up to the business. I'll send to Scotland Yard.

SUSAN *enters with bouquet in her apron, L. D.*

SIR RALPH (*to SUSAN*). There is a storm impending. Is my lady yet returned?

SUSAN. Just come, sir; she came home early to see you off. (c.) Miss Sefton is with her.

SIR RALPH. It's very kind of her to break up her party on my account. It's just like the women—never selfish! What's that you have there?

SUSAN. A bouquet, sir. A compliment from Mr. Gwynne. My lady was not at home to him.

SIR RALPH. Ah! Mr. Gerald Gwynne of Graythorpe. He gives us the call, then? Is he down on the list, Mr. Burrell?

BURRELL. N-no, sir. Her ladyship, you hear, does not receive him. She has that sort of invitation to give.

SIR RALPH. This must be rectified. He is a large landed proprietor now, and would be influential at our election. But time flies. Gregson! (*crosses to L., pulls bell-pull off*) Gregson! confound the fellow! All this part of the Abbey is in ruins.

BURRELL. The masons are at the repairs in the other portion, sir.

SIR RALPH. And when do they come here?

BURRELL. The first thing to-morrow, sir.

SIR RALPH. That's what the architect is always saying!

SUSAN *enters, L. D., without the bouquet.*

SIR RALPH. I wish you would ask the ladies here. Susan. I wish to speak to her ladyship about Mr. Gwynne.

SUSAN (*startled*). Mr. Gwynne!

Exit L. D., as TOBY enters, and goes up L., to continue packing.

SIR RALPH (*laughingly, to BURRELL*). Even the servant alarmed! Yes, Mr. Gwynne has the reputation of being a fast liver. In the last month he has been flinging himself about wildly in Paris and London race-courses and gaming tables. Meanwhile, he is useful.

BURRELL. Useful, as you say, sir. (*taking snuff with SIR RALPH.*)

TOBY (*aside*). That's too much for my nerves—that is! (*opens L. D.*)

Enter, L. D., MAUD and KATE SEFTON—MAUD to the fire, the bouquet in her hand, SUSAN with her, takes her fan and afterwards KATE'S—TOBY goes out L. D., with SUSAN.

SIR RALPH. Ah, Maud, dear, it is very kind of you to come away because of my journey, just in the height of your enjoyment.

LADY C. Enjoyment? (*she shows that she has found a note in the bouquet.*

Aside) A letter! oh, he has dared to write! (*throws it into the fire unopened.*)

KATE (*to* LADY C.). Do you like this gloomy part of the Abbey, Maud?

LADY C. (*rises*). It's all one to me. (*crosses to R. C., up to chair.* *To* SIR RALPH) This storm that is at hand, it should detain you.

[*Exit* BURRELL, L. D.]

SIR RALPH. Railways have no respect for wind and weather. (*comes down front, L. C., with* KATE) My dear Kate, what is your feeling against me for having stopped you in your career of conquest?

KATE (*laughs*). Oh, I have had enough of compliments for one evening. You men feed us on nothing but sugar—take us for birds in a cage.

SIR RALPH. Ah! you will be a prisoner some day—some one will offer you the prettiest fetters in the world—golden ones!

KATE. And what will that be?

SIR RALPH. A ring!

KATE. Thank you! I value my liberty too highly.

SIR RALPH. Take care, Kate, take care! Coquettes are like weather-cocks—they never stand still until they are rusty! (*KATE laughs*) And who did you meet there to-night?

KATE. Oh, the usual gathering; half a-dozen somebodies, and a score or two of nobodies. Among the former there was one most *distingué*, for though Maud treated him with coldness, I could not but think him agreeable.

SIR RALPH. And pray who is this charming individual?

KATE. Our neighbor, Mr. Gwynne of Graythorpe. (*goes up L.*)

SIR RALPH. Ah! the very man I wished to speak about. (*to* LADY C.'s *chair*) Maud, what is the reason you have not given this gentleman an invitation to our house?

LADY C. (*embarrassed a trifle*). His—his reputation is against him.

SIR RALPH. Pooh! Pooh! his reputation! He's a young man; in time he will have cut down his wild oats and reform, never doubt. There; I shall expect to see him at our first dinner party when I return from London. Graythorpe has a number of voters, and so you will invite him?

Thunder and loud crash R. U. E.—*lightning*—all start—LADY C. and KATE *scream*.

KATE. What's that?

{ SIR RALPH. Nothing, nothing! This part of the Abbey is all in ruins. The architect will not attend to it till to-morrow.

KATE. I should be so afraid to sleep here, so high from the ground. Oh, Maud, if you should have a return of your old fits, and walk about in your sleep! I tremble to think of it,

LADY C. (*absently*). Do not fear on my account. (*rises*.)

SIR RALPH. Gregson! that snail again! Gregson! (*enter* TOBY L. D.) Get me my rough overcoat. (*exit* TOBY L. D.) It's going to be a stormy night. (c.)

LADY C. I think you had better postpone your journey, Ralph, till the morning.

SIR RALPH. And so miss my London agent again? Just like women!

TOBY brings in overcoat—in changing coats SIR RALPH leaves his snuff-box in that he took off, on chair, R.—shakes hands with KATE, kisses LADY C.

TOBY (*aside, L.*). The snuff-box is in that pocket!

SIR RALPH. Have you got all my luggage? (*TOBY lobs his head*) Then follow me, fellow! Look sharp—if you can!

[*Exit* L. D.]

TOBY (*taking up knapsack and hatbox, aside*). I'll be a deal sharper than you take me for.

VOICE OF SIR RALPH (*off L.*) Gregson!

TOBY (*aside*). There it is! (*aloud*) Coomin', sir. (*pauses, with box and knapsack, at L. D.*) He's left it in the other pocket! [*Exit L. D.*]

KATE (*to LADY C. who has come to table R., front*). Maud, dear, why can you have taken such a sudden aversion to this Mr. Gwynne?

LADY C. (*aside*). Again! can she suspect?

KATE. I am sure, my dear child, spite of all stories, he is much too gentlemanly to deserve to have the doors of the Abbey closed on him this way.

LADY C. Once for all, I desire you, nay, I insist on your not speaking to me again of this gentleman.

KATE. Oh! my dear Maud, I do not want to offend you. Well—good night! (*aside*) She resents others' praise of him with considerable spirit!

LADY C. Good night!

Exit KATE, L. D., SUSAN opening that door for her, and coming in as she goes out.

SUSAN. I came to say good night to your Ladyship. Am I required?

LADY C. No, my good Susan. Good night!

SUSAN. Good night!

[*Exit L. D.*]

LADY C. Alone! Somehow I wish that my husband had not left me this night. I feel as though there were danger under this roof—most to be dreaded when he is away. To think that he dared to write to me! (*thoughtfully leans on the table, her chin in her hand*) Oh, Love, Love! how bitterly you have made me repay for your early sweets by suffering.

[*thunder and lightning, R. U. E.*]

LADY C. This is a terrible night! I would my husband had not left me alone. Ah! I know, I fear what he would do if he heard but a whisper of this. I cannot confide in him! still this persecution must and shall cease! The wind shakes all this part of the Abbey! Oh! (*rises*) Oh! I dare not sleep here to-night. (*takes up lamp and goes out, R. 1 E. D.*)

Gas down—thunder and lightning—enter R. 3 E. D., from behind curtain, GERALD GWYNNE, groping his way down c.

GERALD. If my information is correct, these are the apartments that she occupies while the rest of the Abbey is under repairs. In this light, I can hardly see anything. I shall go mad! I am mad! What but madness could bring me here, at this hour, in *his* absence. I found the secret passage which she has doubtless forgotten long ago! and I crept here by it like the base villain that I am! (*attitude of listening attentively, looking R., then goes up R.*)

LADY C. *enters with light in her hand, R. 1 E.—Gas up, half-turn.*

GERALD (*comes down, c.*). 'Sh! Maud!

LADY C. (*starts, lamp on table*). Ah! a stranger here! (*R. c., front.*)

GERALD (*c.*). Maud!

LADY C. Gerald! (*clasps her hands.*)

GERALD. I must speak to you!

LADY C. Not a word! Every moment you linger is spent in disgrace! You here! (*sobbing*) You here at this hour! Oh, you never loved me!

GERALD. Never loved? Demand a proof!

LADY C. (*scornfully*). A proof?

GERALD. Any proof!

LADY C. Leave me at once!

GERALD. When I am come to see you for the last, last time? For the many months that I have kept faith, may I not have one moment? This is your love? You fear me! Will you not listen——?

LADY C. I hear you with scorn!

GERALD. Scorn?

LADY C. With scorn and indignation!

GERALD. No, for you love! I can see you are not happy with this man. I know why you so disposed of your hand. Why, the lines of your face trace an old story while you are yet so young.

LADY C. "That man" is my husband, sir! How can you speak to me, his wife, when you have entered his house like a thief in the night?

GERALD. Fool that I was! I loved you, and love you; but you forget! Vain love—vain sufferings!

LADY C. Your sufferings?

GERALD. The withered flowers were the emblem of my love. Their bloom was of the past. In that time—well do I recall that night! you were in one of your fits of sleep-walking. I saw you glide along, the moon-beams clinging to your white garments, like a spirit's robes. You strayed to the brink of a deep chalk-cutting—in another moment, ah! but I was there, and you were saved! while I—I was lost!

LADY C. (*R. c. front*). Lost!

GERALD. I saw you for the first time! In my arms, you drew breath again, and when your eyes re-opened, their light became the sole star of my existence. I loved you, Maud! devotedly, passionately, loved you! only less so than at this moment. Do you believe in Destiny? You are my Fate! Come! With you as my guide, I close my eyes, and dare the future! (*arms extended, falls on one knee.*)

LADY C. (*recedes R.*). Back, back! To think that I ever could have loved this man! Away! touch me not! touch me not! you dare not stay—go, leave me this instant!

GERALD (*up c. a little*). Maud!

LADY C. (*half aside*). How my heart fails me in his presence. It is not love now, love cannot exist in fear!

GERALD. You fear me! and love?

LADY C. I will bear this no longer; I will go to my husband and tell him all my youthful passion: how I exchanged faith with a man who had saved my life, but who now follows me like a shadow beyond endurance. I will ask him: "Oh, save me from this man!"

GERALD. Enough! I go! Oh! better that I had died on the dreary battle-field, where death at least was associated with honor. (*sadly goes up R., thunder-clap, very loud.*)

*Crash, R. U. E.—Lamp out; gas down—*GERALD *staggers back from R. 3 E.*
D.—LADY C. *goes up R. c. a little.*

GERALD. A part of the wall has fallen against the door—impossible to open! (*comes down c.*) I cannot stay here all night.

LADY C. No, no, no! (*to L. D.*)

GERALD (*to L. D.*). Ha!

LADY C. The handle is gone!

GERALD. The screw has fallen through on the other side! (*to c, pointing to R. 1 E. D.*) That door——

LADY C. Leads to my chamber.

GERALD. Then there is the window. (*goes up c.*)

LADY C. (*in horror*). At such a height from the ground!

GERALD (*at window*). Do not be alarmed. The ivy mounts to the sill. I see a ledge below. (*one leg outside the window.*)

LADY C. No, Gerald, no!

GERALD. Fear nothing, my dear Maud; there is no danger.

LADY C. No danger? ah!

GERALD. The folly is all mine—to me all the penalty! Remember me sometimes—I loved you to the last! (*gets out of window.*)

Thunder and lightning—GERALD disappears without, tearing down the ivy—

LADY C. screams, thrusts her hands out, and GERALD'S hand is seen on the window-sill—He then re-appears and stands without, his bust shown, as if he was pointing after a great exertion.—LADY C. agitated—Both start and look at L. D., which opens to let TOBY enter with a dark lantern, the shutters open—He goes over to C.

TOBY. It was a tempting of Providence to leave it here. Eh! (*starts, recovers himself, and turns the lantern on LADY C.*) Lady Challoner!

LADY C. (*tremulously*). What is your business here, fellow? (*tries to mask GERALD, in recess.*)

TOBY (*starts, delighted*). And yours, Mr. Gerald Gwynne—and yours? Ha, ha, ha! (*C. line of 2d entrance.*)

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Interior, room in the Abbey—Discovering SUSAN R. front, by table—laughter of men R. U. E. Ha, ha, ha!*

SUSAN. I am glad my poor Maud is not at the dinner. For she would be pained to see Mr. Gwynne. However well she may hide it from others, I see that she still loves him—ay, loves him to the breaking of her heart. Gerald Gwynne! (*sadly.*)

Enter R. 1 E. BURRELL—laughter as before.

BURRELL (*to c.*). You are crying, Susan! I think I know the reason!

SUSAN (*starts*). You know the reason, sir?

BURRELL. It is that cousin of yours, Sam Gregson! a ne'er-do-well, Susan, take my word for it, you had better have nothing to do with him.

SUSAN (*sighing aside*). If that could be.

BURRELL. The fellow is in the Red Lion from morning till night, drinking away. For my part, where he gets all the money to spend, I can't discover. Shake him off, I say, shake him off.

SUSAN. He's a relation, sir.

BURRELL. You have suffered enough already by one bad connection. So, shake him off.

SUSAN. Shake him off?

BURRELL. Remember the past.

SUSAN (*aside*). It is because I remember the past. There was not a neater lad in all the village than Toby was.

BURRELL. You will find it best to take my advice. (*goes up R., slow'y.*)

SUSAN (*aside*). Shake him off! I can't shake him off. After all, he is my husband, (*going L.*) and it is not for me to give him up to the law. (*L.*)

Enter R. GERALD, to BURRELL, in a drunken way. Ha, ha!

BURRELL (*coming down R.*). Here he comes. A cup of your tea will do him good, Mrs. Taperloy.

GERALD. So you ran away from the wine-glasses, Mr. Burrell. I'm ashamed of you! all of us are ashamed of you! So I drank for you.

BURRELL. A man of my age, my dear sir, has to deprive himself of many little luxuries. (*R.*)

GERALD. My idea is, never deny yourself any good thing, for happiness is the main aim of life, as—as—Epicurus says. By the way (*drunkenly & ill*) Sir Ralph was asking for you.

BURRELL. I'll hasten to him at once.

GERALD (*is sober on the instant, BURRELL goes off R., beckons to SUSAN*). Susan! (*SUSAN comes to C.*) I am going to London this night. I must see Maud to say a last farewell! She was not at the table.

SUSAN. No, she is not well. She has had a return of her old affliction of sleep-walking, and if I were not by her, would wander forth as of old.

GERALD (*offers a note*). Before I leave England for foreign parts, I must see her. Here is a line of appointment, you will give it her.

SUSAN (*refuses the note*). No one can pity you more than I do, sir. My heart feels for you, Mr. Gwynne, (*goes L.*) but it bleeds for her.

[*Exit L. D.*]

GERALD. Hem! Then that fellow must serve my purpose. Yes, I must see Maud for the last time. (*L. front.*)

VOICE OF SIR RALPH (*R., off*). Good night, gentlemen, good night! I hope to see you to-morrow at the polls.

VOICES (*dying gradually away*). Good night! (*several times.*)

Enter R. 2 E. SIR RALPH.

SIR RALPH (*looking off R., turns at C.*). Ah, Mr. Gwynne, good night! (*offers his hand.*)

GERALD (*avoids taking hand, and, affecting intoxication, recedes to L. D. stammering*). Good night! [*Exit L. D.*]

SIR RALPH. Mr. Gwynne's eccentricity borders on rudeness. However, he has done me a good service with the electors. (*rings spring-bell.*)

Enter two SERVANTS R. 2 E.

SIR RALPH. Place the writing materials on the table. (*Servants remove paper, etc., from table up L. to table R. front.*) Now you and your fellows may go to bed. (*servants exeunt R. 2 E. SIR RALPH takes seat at R. front table.*) If all these promises hold good, we are sure of the election. (*puts snuff-box to his left on table before him, rubs his hands*) Let me see, what is this? (*takes up letter*) Oh! ah, the information from Scotland Yard! Wonderful fellows the police are, after all. We'll attend to you in the morning, Mr. Taperloy. (*puts letter before him on his left, and paper-weight upon it.*) Ah, this is the list of electors, and Mr. Burrell has ticked off the dubious ones with red ink. One—two—three—five (*pen to the paper*) ten—fifteen—twenty.

Music, prelude to LADY CHALLONER'S entrance, violin, tremolo chord at entrance.

SIR RALPH. Ha, ha, ha! we can laugh at the opposition now! (*MAUD enters, R. 1 E., along front to R. C., and up C. to window, in F., very slowly.*) Twenty-five—thirty—thirty-five—oh, we are all right—forty!

LADY C. (*a. window*). Oh, are you going? No, you must not go—indeed, you must not! (*She holds one door open—lunelight on her.*)

SIR RALPH (*lifts his head, looks round, starts*). My wife! (*turns his chair*) Maud! (*rises*) Maud! (*goes up R. C.*) She is asleep—wandering in her sleep. She has a return of her old disorder.

LADY C. (*letting some flowers fall from her extended hand, then reproachfully looking off out of doorway*). Why are you so cold? If he should find you here! Hark! it's my husband's voice.

SIR RALPH. Her brain is wandering—she is mad!

LADY C. Yet go! he would not spare you in his wrath!

SIR RALPH. No: it is I who must be mad or dreaming! Yes, it is some hideous dream. Maud!

LADY C. (*starts in affright*). That is his voice—oh! (*tearfully.*)

SIR RALPH (*R. of LADY C.*). Maud!

LADY C. Good heaven! There are the flowers of the love-pledge! They have bloomed but the once, and never again. 'Sh! fly from me; it was his voice that I heard. Spare him! I dare not speak to him. I will leave you free for the future—and would you could sever my bondage, too! Go out into the world, my love—you can find no sadder heart for a home elsewhere! I will pray for you—I will pray for all—for my husband, for myself—and for—you!

SIR RALPH (*aside*). She has spoken no name.

LADY C. Farewell! I shall see you no more. It is for the best—and it is not for me to complain. (*turns*) Good night, good night, good night! (*comes down C. a little.*)

SIR RALPH (*aside*). Damnation! she has spoken no name!

LADY C. Good night, good night, good night! come—come! (*SIR RALPH upsets a chair.*)

LADY C. Ah! (*half wakes, but falls into SIR RALPH'S arms, and he seizes the note which she has in her hand*). Gerald, Gerald! Gerald Gwynne! Gerald Gwynne! Gerald! Ger——(*faints.*)

SIR RALPH. Fear nothing, Maud, it is I, your husband!

LADY C. (*revives*). Husband! my husband! Oh! (*looks around bewildered*) Where am I? (*up C.*) How came I here?

SIR RALPH (*pointing to R. 1 E.*). By that door.

LADY C. Ah!

SIR RALPH. You have had a return of one of your old attacks; you have been walking in your sleep!

LADY C. (*repeats the words, bewildered, to herself; then aloud*). Walking in my sleep! (*eagerly*) And what did I say?

SIR RALPH (*after a pause*). Oh, nothing! a few unconnected words. (*lights a match and then a lamp on L. C. table.*) But when I spoke you woke at once. (*presenting light*) Retire to your room, Maud. I will send Susan to you. Good night! (*LADY C. strokes her hair and forehead, mechanically takes the light*) Your cheek is flushed with fever, and your hand trembles.

LADY C. Oh, fever! fever! (*watches SIR RALPH, who pretends not to be attending to her, as she crosses to R. 1 E. In the doorway, aside.*) Alas!

[*Exits, sighing.*]

SIR RALPH (*R. C.*). Ah! (*to table R. front, sits down to read the note*) "I leave Sefton to-morrow to seek another home. Maud, by the memory of our love! (*a long pause, in emotion*) By the (*in a broken voice*) memory of our love, I entreat you to see me for the last time. Meet me at twelve. I will be under the oak which faces your window. You will come, Maud! yes, you will come. It is the last adieu!" All is explained now! all her coldness, tears—all is explained. Ah! (*in concentrated rage*) I am old and feeble, but (*very fiercely*) I will kill this man! Yes, I will kill him without pity or remorse! (*crosses to L., and returns, agitated.*)

Voice of TOBY, off L. U. E., heard singing drunkenly a cuntry song, seeming to approach.

SIR RALPH. I would not do it myself—but here is the very instrument thrust in my way.

TOBY enters D. in F.—SIR RALPH goes up to C., collars TOBY, pushes him to C. line of 2 E., and closes the door tightly.—TOBY looks on stupidly, but as if suddenly half sobered.—SIR RALPH comes down R. C. to table R. front, and sits down.

SIR RALPH. Here! come here, fellow. Did any one see you come into the park?

TOBY (*Yorkshire accent*). Noobody as a'a know'd on, sir.

SIR RALPH. You have been about twelve months in my employ?

TOBY (*scratching his head*). 'Ees, sir, it be aboot twel' moonths.

SIR RALPH. Your name is—

TOBY. Sam'l Gregson, sir.

SIR RALPH. Your name is Tobias Taperloy! (TOBY starts, but instantly recovers himself) Some years ago, you were engaged in an affray with gamekeepers, but by some accident or other, you escaped the extreme penalty of the law, and were sentenced to transportation for life. I have this information on the best authority—that of the police.

TOBY (*in his proper voice*). Police! (*half aside*) Then Susan's sold me.

SIR RALPH. No one has sold you. Your own conduct awakened suspicion, and inquiries were made. So, unless I step in between you and those who will be on your track to-morrow, you will spend the day in a jail, Mr. Taperloy.

TOBY. Well, I own I am the man as you have got set down there; 'cos I can't deny it. (*takes off his flaxen wig and puts it in one coat pocket, hat in the other, standing with both hands on his hips, impudently*) But it wasn't to make a prisoner of me that you pitched upon this hour of the night to tell me on it, Governor.

SIR RALPH. Fellow, your liberty is in my hands.

TOBY. My life! It's all alike. I couldn't stand another turn in the colonies!

SIR RALPH. Well, life then! What would you do to save it?

TOBY. Anything!

SIR RALPH. Suppose that, instead of handing you over to the authorities, I should offer you the means of escape. What would you say to that proposition?

TOBY. Why the first thing that I should say, would be: "Toby, my boy, you're in luck!" and the next thing, "What's your little game?" It's high play for such great stakes.

SIR RALPH. No matter what it is—will you do it?

TOBY. Why, that depends. Afore a man makes a bargain, he naturally wants to know of what the business consists.

SIR RALPH. Of the gravest character.

TOBY. What! something arter the fashion o' the gamekeeper that I was bagged for? (SIR RALPH nods reluctantly) Ha! I guessed as much.

SIR RALPH. Are you strong? (*rises*)

TOBY. I could puzzle a bull with a blow. (*stretches his arm out, with fist clenched.*)

SIR RALPH (*up C., beside TOBY, who leans on the table, L. C.*) Then kill him—and you shall have half my fortune!

TOBY. Kill who?

SIR RALPH. Gerald Gwynne!

TOBY (*leans back on table with internal laughter, but finally whistles a long note*). Whew!

SIR RALPH. Are you afraid?

TOBY. I see it all; another case of night-poaching.

SIR RALPH (*hesitatingly*). I have reason to suspect—

TOBY. You can make certain on it, sir.

SIR RALPH. What do you mean?

TOBY. Why, I let him out o' Lady Challoner's border!

SIR RALPH. Rascal, you lie! (*takes TOBY by the throat*.)

TOBY (*grasps both his hands by the wrists and forces them down from him at arm's length, holding them*). You asked me ju t now if I was strong. (*lets go the other's hands*) Do that agen and I'll give you a proof of it! (*arranges his neck-cloth*.)

SIR RALPH. I was wrong, I was wrong; but not on such as you my revenge must fall. You run no risk. (*R. front*.)

TOBY. How so? (*c., up*.)

SIR RALPH. In consequence of the frequency of robberies in and about the Abbey (*TOBY chuckles*) I have given orders that any one found trespassing on the grounds after dark should be treated as a thief.

TOBY (*coolly laughing*). Oh, I see: Murder Made Easy!

SIR RALPH (*aside*). This ruffian makes me tremble. (*aloud*) Stop! I have changed my mind.

TOBY. What! going to leave the young people to theirselves?

SIR RALPH (*becomes angry again*). Ah, never! (*bell strikes twelve*.)

SIR RALPH (*up c.*). Are you armed?

TOBY (*shows knife*). A leetle.

SIR RALPH. You will find the—the man at the great oak—

TOBY (*significantly*). Which faces her ladyship's window!

SIR RALPH (*grinds his teeth*). You will give him—

TOBY (*puts his hand out*). Something on account!

SIR RALPH. Fellow, do you doubt my word?

TOBY. In such extremely delicate matters I doubt everybody.

SIR RALPH. You shall have some; I will get it in my bureau. (*takes lamp from table, crosses up L.*)

TOBY. I say, no flimsies—no taking the numbers, no stopping the notes for me; the ready rhino! (*c.*)

SIR RALPH (*at D. in L. 3 E., flat*). There is no time to be lost. I drew some money from my bankers for election expenses. For the rest, I will give you an order on my agent in New York to pay you on arrival.

[*Exit.*]

TOBY. Election money! That should be a tidy sum! (*looking off, L.*) He's a-h'opening a drawer! (*jingle of coin, L.*) Ah, that's the music as I likes to hear! Why, drawers full! Ah, I never see so many canary birds together! No one see me come in! Ah, no one need see me go out! I've got a fair start of them! Why, he's a-shutting of the drawer, arter taking h'out a han'ful! h'on'y a miserable little han'ful! Oh, curse his miserly soul! He's a-takin' out the key! (*takes out his knife and opens it, creeps along the table*) It's more powerful than me! I—I—can't stand it! (*drops the knife in his haste and rushes off, D. in L. 3 E. flat.*)

Enter LADY C., R 1 E. D., looks around on the stage, going up C.

LADY C. The letter! his letter! I can't find it wherever I look.

(*Sound of scuffling and a heavy fall, L. U. E., off, during the following; in SIR RALPH'S voice*) Help! help! (*groans after fall*) help!

LADY C. Oh! (*staggers to chair, R., line of 2 E., nearly fainting.*)

Enter TOBY, L.

TOBY (*looking down*). The knife! I've dropped the knife! (LADY C. *moans and falls in a swoon*) What's that! (*starts, but goes up to D. in F.*) Footsteps! footsteps on the gravel! coming this way! Caught—caught like a rat in a trap! (*hides himself up C., L. side of D. in F.*)

VOICE OF SIR RALPH (*faintly*). Help! help! help!

Enter D. in F. GERALD GWYNNE, hat on, comes down C.

GERALD. Surely I heard a voice! From this room the cries proceeded. What's this! (*picks up knife up L. C.*) a knife! what does this mean!

TOBY (*aside*). What I shan't stop to explain. They are coming this way. [*Exit D. in F. stealthily.*]

Sound of feet and voices L., off—GERALD goes off L. 3 E. D.—enter L., SERVANTS, SUSAN and KATE SEFTON with lights.

KATE. What does all this mean?

SUSAN *crosses and lifts up* LADY CHALLONER, GERALD, *supporting* SIR RALPH, *enters L. 3 E. D.*

GERALD. Sir Ralph Challoner has been murdered—pursue the assassin some of you!

ALL. Ah!

LADY C. (*revives*). No, no!

SIR RALPH (*comes to, seated in chair, C., to GERALD*). Touch me not, touch me not! There stands the man (*points to GERALD, L. front*) who stabbed me, and basely robbed me! Seize him! There is my murderer!

LADY C. (*R. C.*). It is false!

SIR RALPH. It is true! See the weapon in his hand! (*GERALD drops the knife in disgust and horror*) With my dying breath: There stands my murderer!

ALL form picture.

SUSAN.	SIR RALPH.	KATE.	SERVANTS.
	LADY C.	GERALD	
R.		C.	L.

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Interior room in a town mansion, discovering LADY CHALLONER seated R., as if asleep, SUSAN watching her, the DOCTOR on her left, KATE SEFTON standing C., KATE with the DOCTOR comes down C.*

KATE. Is she any better, Doctor?

DOCTOR. It was only excitement that caused the delirium. We will hope for the best, hope for the best. [*Exit R. 3 E. D.*]

KATE. Since that dreadful night, she has been like this. Alas!

LADY C. (*dreamily*). Now I remember, the old father gave away a young bride. Between you and me, it was not well done!

KATE. Are you not a little better, dear Maud?

LADY C. It is getting dark again, and I am afraid in the darkness. Then everything comes back. (*rises*) I see that figure again, and I hear that awful voice: "The knife—I've dropped the knife!" Then the lights flash out. (*up R. C.*)

KATE. My dearest Maud, do you not remember me?

LADY C. (*shakes her head*). No! I don't know you!

KATE. Alas! this blankness of her mind ever since poor Mr. Gwynne was arrested.

LADY C. Gwynne! Gerald Gwynne?

KATE. Oh, how stupid of me! (*L. C.*)

LADY C. Gwynne? ah, all gone! nothing left but some flowers—a few withered forget-me-nots! They lay next his heart, and he loved her so much!

KATE. Maud, my darling, do you know me?

LADY C. Ah! yes! (*KATE looks eagerly at her*) I have seen your face somewhere before. But that was long ago. I know you. (*turns to SUSAN*) You are my good Susan Taperloy—my dear foster-sister—and I love you very much.

Enter SIR RALPH, R. 3 E. D. to C. and down to L. C. front, slowly.

LADY C. Do not let them know it, or they will take you away! (*embraces SUSAN, looking at SIR RALPH*) He would! and I should never see you more—nevermore—nevermore! [*Exit R. 3 E. D., with SUSAN.*]

KATE. Oh, Maud! (*goes up C.*)

Enter, R. 3 E. D., DOCTOR.

DOCTOR (*to KATE*). Nothing favorable?

KATE. She will not recognize me.

DOCTOR. A little more rest, and this change of scene—I do not doubt we shall bring her round. (*talks in dumb show with KATE up C. by window.*)

SIR RALPH (*aside*). He shall not escape me. (*seated at table, L. C., front*) I will have the completion of my revenge. His life and mine! for mine is ebbing fast! I must make good use of the little left! (*turns over papers in his pocket-book.*)

Exit DOCTOR, R. 3 E. D., and KATE comes down C.

KATE. Are you better to-day, sir?

SIR RALPH. Yes, thank you, Kate.

KATE. Do take something.

SIR RALPH. No, dear. I have breakfasted. And I am expecting news every minute. You can leave me.

KATE (*aside*). Lesser in strength, but stronger in sternness. Poor Mr. Gwynne!

[*Exit R. 3 E. D.*]

Bell, L. U. E., strikes two.

SIR RALPH. In an hour the jury will have returned their verdict. In another hour, I—ah! (*hand to his breast*) Ugh! that fellow Taperloy! He has the spring of a tiger! a terrible fellow! At last accounts he was at Liverpool, where I had taken measures that he should be detained.

Enter, after knock, L. 2 E. D., SERVANT.

SERVANT. If you please, sir, a man wants to see you.

VOICE OF TOBY. That will do, young man! (*TOBY enters L.*) That will

do! (*pushes past the SERVANT*) I can come without any special introduction. Up anchor, and crowd all sail! my—my scarlet runner! Me and the barrowknight have some private and confidential conversation to discuss together! (*pushes the SERVANT out, and shuts the door.*)

SIR RALPH. So you have returned?

TOBY (*takes chair, L. side of table*). I'm returned! It wasn't no fault of mine, no fault of mine, Governor! Accordin' to agreement I would 'a' been paddlin' across the Atlantic by this time, but for two circumstances.

SIR RALPH (*impatiently*). What circumstances?

TOBY (*speaks with his eyes on the breakfast things*). Why, the first on 'em is, my accidentally catching hold of a paper—a new—newspaper—(*takes up loaf and knife and cuts a slice, and then butters it as he proceeds.*) You'll excuse me, Governor, but I can't bear to talk on a h'empty stomach.

SIR RALPH. You rascal!

TOBY. I don't set myself up for a pattern, but when I saw that newspaper, I was regularly flabbergasted!

SIR RALPH. What newspaper?

TOBY. Why, the one that had the full account of the committal of Mr. Gwynne for the robbery and attempted assas-sas-ination of Sir Ralph Challoner, barrowknight! The second circumstance is: I want some money! (*eating, sitting up on the table.*)

SIR RALPH. Money! where's that you robbed me of?

TOBY (*simply*). Gone! (*slaps his bread with the knife*) gone, every blessed mag of it!

SIR RALPH. More money out of me! Why, what's to prevent me handing you as an escaped convict over to the police?

TOBY. No danger! I've got your letter to your agent in New York, all signed correct! Oh! we're both in the same boat, Governor!

SIR RALPH. What is to be done?

TOBY. Why, keep quiet for the remainder of our natural existence! Why, damme! if you have any regard for the honor you talk so much about, you'll play dummy for the rest of your life. Only just do the handsome thing by me, and you shall live as snug as a pig in the gutter.

SIR RALPH. Suppose I refuse?

TOBY. In that case, painful as it would be to my feelings, I would volunteer my evidence. The Court is close by!

SIR RALPH (*rises*). You—you dare not! (*to R. C.*)

TOBY (*follows him, the knife in his hand*). Dare not? dare not? Look you here, Sir Ralph Challoner, you don't know what it is to be a hunted man, driven from pillar to post; scared out from hole to hole like a rat, till you don't sleep with more than one eye shut at a time, for fear of waking up and finding yourself in a jail! That's been my life for the last three weeks. (*to L. again.*)

SIR RALPH. Why do you speak of this to me?

TOBY. Why not—why not? You are a superior man, by birth and education, while I'm a bad egg, what no amount of setting on could hatch good out of! But you've distanced me at one single bound!

SIR RALPH. Stop! you shall have the money! Remain here and be quiet while I get it.

TOBY. Oh, I'm dumb! (*puts his finger, bent, in his mouth, closes the lips tight, and, pulling the finger out abruptly, makes a hollow sound, like the guttural cries of the dumb. Returns to table.*)

SIR RALPH (*R. I. E.*) You shall go to New York. The money will be given you when you are aboard, and not before. (*aside*) Ah! my heart stood still for a moment! That ruffian will be my death after all!

[*Exit R. I. E.*]

TOBY (*in chair, looks at around him coolly*). Well, this is about the hardest old curmudgeon that I ever did see. Poor Mr. Gerald Gwynne! I'm sorry for him—sorry for him! if only for old acquaintance sake. But self-preservation is the first law of nature, and I'm not going to be unnatural! (*looks at decanter*) What's this here? Gin! (*takes it up, drinks, screws up his mouth in disgust, and spits the water out. In a squeak*) Water! Only to think of the taste of some peoples! I never drinks the nasty stuff! (*looks about for knife to cut bread, misses it, goes to c., stoops to look on floor.*)

Enter, R. 3 E., LADY CHALLONER.

TOBY. The knife! I've dropped the knife!

LADY C. That voice! The man I saw—(*seizes TOBY by the throat, c., struggle.*)

TOBY. Let go your hold, Lady Challoner! I don't want to hurt you, for Susan's sake! Let go your hands! (*disengages himself.*)

Enter, R. 1 E., SIR RALPH.

SIR RALPH. What is this? I know this man, Maud.

TOBY. You hear what the barrowknight says? (*takes papers from SIR RALPH.*)

LADY C. Oh, this man, this man! Susan!

TOBY. Susan coming? Then I'm off—for New York direct! I salutes the company! (*bows at L. D.*) I salutes the company! [*Exit L. D.*]

Enter SUSAN, R. 1 E.

LADY C. Do not let that man go!

[*Exit SUSAN L. D.*]

SIR RALPH. Maud, you are mad.

LADY C. I am not mad! The cloud which had obscured my intellect has vanished. I see clearly at last. You have murdered Gerald Gwynne! (*L. C.*)

SIR RALPH (*C.*). Murdered!

LADY C. Basely murdered! What are a few miserable years to the loss of fame, honor, name?

SIR RALPH. Woman, do you dare to defend your—

LADY C. You shall not utter that word to me! I loved him, with all the fervency of my youthful heart; I thought him dead, and I mourned for him; I found him living still, but I parted from him. All this time I have kept your honor unsullied! your honor and mine own!

SIR RALPH. Unfortunately, the proof is known!

LADY C. The proof is not known. Gerald was my first, my only love! You had my hand, but not my heart. He asked me for a farewell interview before he went abroad—which I refused!

SIR RALPH. Refused? you refused him?

LADY C. This is true as heaven!

SIR RALPH. I cannot—dare not believe you! (*c., leaning on chair.*)

LADY C. Dare not! Oh, believe me! What can I do to make you believe? what shall I say, what oath must I take? If you must have a life, take mine! Take it, but believe me, Ralph! (*kneels to him seated*) Take my life, but do not doubt my honor!

SIR RALPH. I do believe you!

LADY C. Oh! bless you for that word! bless you! Thanks, thanks!

SIR RALPH (*abruptly*). Give me paper and pen—or, you write as I dictate!

LADY C. Yes, yes! (*sits to write at table, L. C.*)

SIR RALPH. "Gerald Gwynne is innocent of the crime laid to his charge. From a blind motive of revenge, I——"

LADY C. I cannot write that, Ralph.

SIR RALPH. Yes, you must. "From a blind motive of revenge, I charged him falsely of robbery and murder!" (*takes pen and signs "RALPH CHALLONER."*) Send it at once to the Court, Maud! It is a dying man's request!

LADY C. I cannot leave you suffering thus! (*rises.*)

SIR RALPH. It is but for a short moment. Go! [*Exit LADY C., L. D.*

(*Shouts, L. U. E.*) There he is! There he goes!

Enter L. U. E. and over balcony into room, TOBY, rushes to L. D.

TOBY. No key! My luck's out! Caught! (*SIR RALPH rises*) No sooner had I left here, than I ran against an old Australian pal, who's on the police. He saw through my disguise like a pane of glass, smelt the reward, and showed the gaff directly! Hide me somewhere, hide me, *partner*!

SIR RALPH. I hide you!

TOBY (*fiercely*). You had better! Say you haven't seen me; being a gentleman, they'll believe you! (*goes up to R. 3 E.*)

LADY CHALLONER *enters, R. 3 E.*

LADY C. You pass not here!

TOBY. Then I'll give 'em a taste of my quality! (*rushes to L. D., which opens, and discovers the two DETECTIVES and all the SERVANTS*) Good morning, Governor.

TOM. Good morning, Toby! (*puts handcuffs on TOBY*) I never forgets an old friend!

TOBY. And this is the way as you cements your friendship! Well, as I'm going into dignified retirement, I may as well make a clean breast of it. Mr. Gerald Gwynne is innocent! It was I who stabbed and robbed Sir Ralph Challoner! (*L. C.*)

SUSAN *enters, L. D.*

SUSAN. Don't say so, Toby! (*clings to TOBY*) I have hoped against hope to the last!

TOBY. Don't cry, Sue, don't cry! It's good riddance to bad rubbish. (*L.*)

Cheers, L. U. E., off—KATE SEFTON and LADY C. up C.

LADY C. There is a great crowd up the street—it breaks away before the court-room! (*cheers off*) They come this way! (*cheers off.*)

SIR RALPH. Maud! (*LADY C. and KATE come down, one to each side of his chair*) Gerald Gwynne is acquitted—he is free!

LADY C. Free!

SIR RALPH. Free to make your future, my poor child——

LADY C. Don't say so!

SIR RALPH. Happier than the past! (*LADY C. kneels to him*) It is my wish! May he make you happy! I cannot see you! all is growing dark! dark! dark! (*closes his eyes*) Ah!

KATE. Doctor, he is fainting!

LADY C. He is dying! he is dead! (*falls upon his breast.*)

ALL form picture.

SERVANTS.

DETECTIVES.

DOCTOR.

TOBY. SUSAN.

* SIR RALPH.

*

LADY C. * * KATE.

B.

C.

L.

CURTAIN.

SYNOPSIS.

THE whole of the First Act has but one scene—the cottage interior, and the garden of SUSAN TAPERLOY. The occupant is seen standing by a table with her hand on a chair-back, in a pensive mood. She is thinking of the unwelcome return of her ne'er-do-well husband, from abroad—a fact that she dares not tell her foster-sister MAUD. TAPERLOY comes in, and his first words prove him a “bad lot.” He soon lets it be seen that he has come back from transportation, no whit benefited by punishment; indeed, he is a returned convict. He bids SUSAN go for some liquor, and while she is away, he opens a closet with a skeleton key and robs his wife of her little savings, a few sovereigns, leaving her the crooked sixpence, hoarded as a treasure, which he had given her in courting days. SUSAN returns with some substantial eatables and some strong drink. TOBY squares himself for a hearty meal, and bids SUSAN tell him what has occurred since his compulsory absence. She tells him that Miss MAUD SEFTON is now LADY CHALLONER. He expresses surprise at MAUD’s marrying that old skinflint, and adds in a low tone, “I’ll never forget what I owes to him!” SUSAN goes on to relate that MAUD married to save her father from ruin, although she had engaged herself to GERALD GWYNN, who had once saved her life when she had walked to the dizzy verge of a chalk cliff in her sleep. SUSAN relates that GERALD was killed in the Crimea, and that then MAUD married SIR RALPH CHALLONER. TOBY laughs at this, and tells SUSAN that he met GERALD the last night, and, being mistaken for a country loon, was given a note to hand SUSAN for LADY CHALLONER. While they are talking about the letter, LADY CHALLONER enters, but seeing SUSAN is not alone, she looks inquiringly at TOBY. The disguised convict instantly speaks up—says that he is a cousin of SUSAN’s from “Yorksheer,” and that SUSAN had promised to try and get him a job as under-gardener. The lady says she will see what can be done for him, and he leaves, first giving SUSAN the letter for LADY CHALLONER. SUSAN hands it to MAUD; it is addressed to “MAUD SEFTON.” Then SUSAN is obliged to reveal to LADY CHALLONER that GERALD lives. The truth had been kept from her. At first they believed him dead; and when it was discovered that he lived, it was deemed best by all—her father included—not to reveal the secret to her, as it would only re-awaken her sorrows. SUSAN, the lady’s foster sister, begs forgiveness, but is answered: “Not in this world; never!” GERALD hastily enters; the lady avoids him; he rapidly details his adventures. He had been left for dead; had been a prisoner to the Russians, and the instant he escaped he had hastened to her. Hunting horns are suddenly heard; it is SIR RALPH CHALLONER’s party. The LADY MAUD exclaims: “It is my husband!” GERALD is amazed. “Oh, false heart,” he exclaims, “Farewell,” and throwing a packet at her containing a few

withered flowers, he goes off, leaving her fainting just as the husband enters by another door. He embraces his wife, telling her he has had excellent sport.

Act Second opens with a room in the Abbey. TOBY TAPERLOY is packing trunks; SIR RALPH is seated at table, and BURRELL by him. SUSAN is just removing wine glasses when TOBY stops her and drains the glasses unobserved. She is just calling him by his right name, when he stops her words, and she leaves the room. TOBY is sent from the room, and SIR RALPH tells BURRELL that as he wishes to be elected to Parliament, they must concentrate all the influential gentry; among others, tells him to put Mr. GERALD GWYNNE on their list for invitations. SUSAN, who has entered, hears and starts at this, and SIR RALPH laughingly says to BURRELL, "Even the servant is alarmed at this. He has a fast reputation!" MAUD and KATE SEFTON enter, and are pleasantly welcomed by SIR RALPH. MAUD has in her hand a bouquet left by GERALD. She discovers a letter in it, which she throws, unopened, into the fire. SIR RALPH bids them good-by, and departs, followed by TOBY. LADY CHALLONER is left alone; she muses in sadness, while the lightning flashes and the thunder rumbles. She leaves the room, lamp in hand, and as she does so GERALD comes on, groping in the darkness. LADY CHALLONER re-enters and GERALD falls upon one knee and pours out the passionate tale of his love and his despair. MAUD bids him rise and leave her, and cries out that she will reveal all to her husband. "Enough! I go!" exclaims GERALD. A great crash is heard as GERALD reaches the door by which he entered. The ruined wall of the old Abbey had fallen and closed that means of egress, GERALD sees there is but one way to leave the house unseen, and thus avoid blasting the lady's reputation. He springs to the window, opens it, and is letting himself down by the clinging ivy; just before his face sinks below the window sill. TOBY enters and flashes a dark lantern full on the figure of LADY CHALLONER, close to the window, and the face of GERALD.

Act Third begins with a room in the interior of the Abbey. After some preliminary conversation with different characters about the election to take place on the morrow, all leave the room except SIR RALPH, who sits at table making some calculations. MAUD enters, walking in her sleep. Her husband starts in surprise and terror. The lady rehearses passages of her love interviews to the amazement of SIR RALPH, and although partially awakened by the falling of a chair, she drops into SIR RALPH's arms, and he seizes a note which she holds in her hand, as she murmurs: "Gerald Gwynne! Gerald! Ger—" and then faints. Slowly she recovers, and SIR RALPH advises her to go to her chamber, which she does, sighing deeply as she recedes through the door. SIR RALPH reads the note. It was from GERALD, pleading that by the memory of their past love, that MAUD would meet him for the last time, that night at twelve, to take a last adieu. The husband is terribly excited, and just as in his concentrated rage he determines to kill GERALD, TOBY, intoxicated, staggers in. The instrument is thus brought to his hand. In brief words, SIR RALPH tells the astonished TOBY, that alarmed by many larcenies at the Abbey, detectives had been employed, and they had discovered who TOBY really was, and in the morning they would arrest him; but that if TOBY would slay GERALD at the rendezvous, he would not only let him escape, but give him a large sum. TOBY demands some money in advance. SIR RALPH goes to get it from his desk in the next room. TOBY peeps, and seeing so much gold, enters after SIR RALPH; a struggle is heard. MAUD enters searching for her missing letter from GERALD; a scuffling is heard in SIR RALPH's room, and his voice is heard feebly calling for help. LADY CHALLONER faints; TOBY enters and hides; GERALD GWYNNE comes on and picks up TOBY's knife. He wonders what it all means, and TOBY takes advantage of his mystification to escape. Sounds of approaching feet and voices are heard. GERALD goes off, while all the terrified householders. SUSAN lifts LADY CHALLONER, as GERALD returns supported by SIR RALPH. In a few moments SIR RALPH momentarily recovers and denounces GERALD as his murderer. All look—the blood-stained knife is in his hand!

In the Fourth Act we find LADY CHALLONER seated in a handsome room of a

town mansion. She appears to be asleep, Susan watching her anxiously. KATE SEFTON and the DOCTOR are also in the room. LADY CHALLONER wakes, but her mind wanders. SIR RALPH comes in. He is evidently growing feeble day by day, and speaking to himself, he mutters: "In another hour the jury—" Just then he is left alone, and a man is announced. It is TOBY; he comes for more money. CHALLONER leaves to get him some. In his absence TOBY is helping himself to bread and butter, and LADY CHALLONER entering, he lets the knife fall, exclaiming: "I've dropped the knife!" MAUD recognizes the voice and the person—the fearful scene is instantly recalled of the stabbing of SIR RALPH, and she cries out to stop that man. He, however, gets from the room. SIR RALPH comes on. An understanding is had between MAUD and him. MAUD tells him the truth about her love for GERALD. He is convinced, and though failing fast, sends off a paper to the court, acknowledging that GERALD is innocent. TOBY, finding that he can't get from the house, re-enters the room, and is about to use violence, when officers rush in and secure him. Shouts are heard; all the parties enter joyously; GERALD is acquitted. SIR RALPH, dying, gives his blessing to MAUD, and bids her wed GERALD GWYNNE when he is gone, and "may he make you happy!" Then he expires in the arms of his tried and faithful wife.

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